

# The St. Johns Herald.

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## Reciprocity and the Wool Interest.

The aggressive insistence of the Ohio wool growers for protection against the importation of the carpet wools and the coarser clothing fleeces which are not produced in this country, is difficult to understand. The facts in the case and the logical inferences from these facts, re-enforced by the actual experience of the wool interest through successive years, serve to indicate that a high duty on low grade, non-competitive, imported wools is not only not beneficial, but is positively injurious to the wool growers of the country.

Nevertheless, on all occasions, in season and out of season, whenever a proposition is made to render the South American wools more cheaply accessible to our manufacturers, the "Wool Growers' National Association" is on hand with its loud-voiced protest and with its direful prophecy of impending ruin. The latest occasion for the utterance of such a protest by the association was furnished by Secretary Blaine's declaration in favor of a certain degree of reciprocity with the Central and South American nations, and by Senator Hale's proposed amendment to the tariff bill, which is intended to give effect in some measure to the Secretary's declaration.

Now, it seems almost mathematically demonstrable that the free admission of the carpet and coarser clothing wools would prove a real benefit to the wool-growing interest of the country. The farming lands of Ohio and Michigan are so valuable that only the higher grade wools can be grown with profit; but, to secure a profitable market for these grades, our woolen manufacturers must be encouraged to enlarge their operations. The best way to do this is to allow our manufacturers to import raw wools free. The drooping carpet industry would speedily revive, and, through the excellence and cheapness of its fabrics would defy foreign competition and practically exclude the foreign article. The free importation of coarse wools would naturally stimulate the manufacture of woolen goods of medium quality, and would create an increased demand for our native high-grade wools; for to utilize one pound of the coarser wool, three or four pounds of the Ohio or Michigan article would be used to mix with it. The result would be cheaper clothing of certain grades, a decrease in the importation of woolen goods, an expansion of the woolen industry, an increase in its labor employing power, and a steady demand and price for our native wools.

Under present conditions it takes about 600,000,000 pounds of wool to make the woolen goods consumed in this country. There are only 300,000,000 pounds produced in the whole United States. Under the provisions of the present tariff the price of wool has been low and the market stagnant. Through the whole woolen industry discouragement and despondency prevail.—Washington Post.

It is reported that a rattlesnake of immense size inhabits a small cave about two miles northwest of this city, a short distance from the stage road. Parties living in Tombstone claim to have seen it on several occasions, but have failed to capture it, as they want to take it alive. It is said to be as big around as an ordinary man's thigh and its rattles are fully three inches where they join the tail. It is about nine feet long. Several smaller rattlers have been killed in that vicinity, one being brought to town and stuffed that measures seven feet and one inch, and is at present in a well known collection in this city. Various traps have been set to catch it and parties are now devising means to take it alive. Should they succeed in doing so the catch will be a valuable one.—Epitaph.

## It Should be Dropped.

The exigencies of the situation demand that the Republicans of the Senate shall drop the Federal elections bill. A rigid adherence to the purpose to press the measure and to employ all the resources of the party to secure its enactment would be a grave blunder for which not a particle of excuse or justification could be assigned. The truth of this proposition seems so self evident now that argument or explanation is needless. To be sure, the question of abstract right and justice involved remains the same as when, during the canvass in which the present President and Congress were elected, the Republican party pledged itself to secure for all classes at the polls the privileges accorded them by the law. Sufficient has been learned in the past few months, though, to show that this end cannot be accomplished by the method proposed. The object in view, however commendable and necessary, must be compassed by other means than those provided in the bill. The abuse complained of, if it is to be formally and aggressively attacked at all, must be attacked on other lines than those which our statesmen have hitherto laid down.

There are crises in politics in which right must yield to expediency. This is one of them. The enactment of the Federal elections law now would injure the class it is designed to benefit, would weaken the Republican party in the North without strengthening it in the slightest degree in the South, and would retard, instead of hasten, the growth and operation of the social forces which are destined ultimately to solve the problem indicated. This is the view of the question which the party generally is beginning to take. Indeed, there is no chance in any event for the passage of the bill this session. It is understood that a dozen Republican Senators would vote against it, while half that number would be sufficient to kill it, as not a Democratic vote would be cast in its favor. Persistence in the attempt to pass it would simply endanger tariff revision, which the Republicans must bring about this session under penalty of overwhelming and deserved defeat at the polls in the coming Congressional elections. This is the situation. The facts may not be especially pleasing to the party, but ignoring them or quarreling with them will not alter them. The elections bill must be dropped—not merely for this session, but for all time.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## About Men and Women.

When a woman gets cross, she gets cross at everybody. Smile at some women and they will tell you all the troubles they ever had.

When a woman can wash flannels so they will not shrink, she knows enough to get married.

A woman is never so badly in love that she does not try to find out the cost of her engagement ring.

One of your delicate women will never admit that she is hungry; she will say that she is feeling a little faint.

There is only one thing that pleases woman more than to be referred to as a dove, and that is to hear a man referred to as the hawk. A woman never becomes so intelligent that she learns that it is no pleasure to others to hear her coax her children to speak a piece.

A man who attempts to flatter you takes you for a fool.

Man, like the fire, is apt to torment women by going out at night.—Boston Commonwealth.

Teacher (to pupil, whom he has caught mimicking him)—Tom Jones, if you don't stop acting like a fool, I shall send you from the class.

## Experience of a Party of Government Surveyors.

Saturday morning the surveying party consisting of Deputy Surveyor J. C. Smith, his brother W. C. Smith, of Cleveland, Ohio, H. B. Christy, of Cleveland, John W. Wilson, of Tucson, and Chas. Baker, of Santa Ana, California, returned from an extensive tour of laying out the proper line along the western boundary of the White Mountain Apache Indian Reservation.

Ninety-two miles were surveyed. Hot and dry, cool and pleasant, through grass, forest and desert; all kinds of country were taken in that 92 miles. They crossed two mountains, the Mescal and Sombrero, each 7,100 feet high, the latter being so steep that they had to leave their pack train behind, and await two days on the other side for their luggage to come up. The two nights were almost unendurable, and they were in a cold rain, without any blankets. Some of the country through which they passed was very fine ranch land, but was not settled because of fear of the Indians. One or two deserted ranches were found, abandoned for that same reason. A large fine forest, heavily timbered is situated 125 miles north of Tucson, which would be opened up by a North and South railroad. Lands were passed rich and grass covered on which rain has not fallen during the year, being watered by the springs abounding there.

The party had many adventures. Kid's band of renegades was in their vicinity, and one afterwards captured told them that he had seen them before, and that he "pointed gun at whiteman, no want to hurt him. See what whiteman do," pointing to his wrists, both of which had been shot through, by the detachment of cavalry that captured him.

One of the soldiers of their body guard was sent back to a ranch where some provisions had been left, accompanied by an Indian scout. The Indian left him under a tree, and told him to wait till he came back. He didn't come back, however, and on starting out soon found himself lost. After a day or two he left his worn out horse, and tried to make his return on foot. For five days he wandered through that wild country, without a mouthful to eat, or a drink of water. On the fifth day he came across a tank of water, where he was found by a party of cattlemen, eating a raw crow that he had shot. The poor fellow was all but starved to death, and enjoyed a square meal when he got to Newton's ranch.

The survey made is an important one, setting the boundaries of the reservation, as it does. Considerable land was cut off the reservation between the mouth of the San Pedro river and Chromo Butte. The Stonewall Jackson mine about which there has been considerable dispute has been found to be one mile inside of the reservation so that it will be shut down.

Many human skulls were also found during the expedition.—Tucson Citizen.

A grave is reported to have been found recently near the head of Ash creek, the existence of which has heretofore been unknown to the oldest resident of that section. It was discovered accidentally by a prospector. It is located near a tree and a scar appearing on the tree, caused an investigation which revealed a name cut into it and the date October, 1850. The tree had grown over the lettering, but on this growth being cut the letters were easily read. The party giving the information could not remember the name inscribed on the tree.—Prescott Journal-Miner.

The college man who will crib his examination must be a baby.

## A Valuable Onyx Mine.

Mr. Smith, of the firm of Nolan & Smith, of this city, has just returned from Arizona, where he has purchased for \$250,000 one of the finest onyx mines ever discovered. The mine was recently located twenty-eight miles south of Prescott, and within a stone's throw of what is and has been since the organization of the Territory, the main highway of travel between northern and southern sections. For over a quarter of a century, within fifty feet of Mayer's station on Big Bug creek, in one of the oldest and what was supposed to be one of the most thoroughly prospected mining districts in the Territory, laid uncared for and unheeded, 220 acres of the most beautiful onyx that ever pleased the eye of man. Red, green, blue, old gold, pink, white, black, translucent, variegated in every variation, the onyx is found covering this area to an unknown depth, and while the owners of the only other onyx quarry in existence—the one in the State of Puebla, Mexico—were growing rich by selling their stone at from \$3 to \$20 a cubic foot, hundreds of persons passed over the deposit to admire for a moment the wonderful beauty of the rock and then cast it away as worthless, until last February, when Al. and George McCann, William O. O'Neil and John W. Dougherty located it in a vague, speculative sort of way, trusting that the future would develop some way in which its products could be utilized. A few samples sent to Chicago astonished the experts of that city, where \$100,000 of Mexican stone had been used in the interior decorations of the just then completed auditorium.

Nothing of the kind used in that building, in color or texture, could compare with the Arizona stone, while the flaws that made the Mexican stone so defective were totally missing. Both Chicago and New York experts on onyx were sent to the Territory, and all were astonished not only at the fact that the onyx was in regular quarry formation, something never before known, as in Mexico it is only found in boulders. The long accepted theory that the stone was primarily formed in the shape of stalagmites and stalactites was upset, and the only explanation that could be advanced to account for the Arizona freak of a regular quarry of onyx—just like sandstone or granite—was that the valley in which it was located had at one time been the basin of a lake formed by a spring whose waters were strongly impregnated with lime to form the body of the stone, and with iron, gold, copper and other minerals to color it, and then centuries evaporation under the burning suns of Arizona did the rest, and as a result gave a quarry that rivals in its beauties of colors the glories of the opal. The present owners expect to make a fortune from the mine.—Los Angeles Express.

From G. Puckett, who arrived in this city yesterday from Denver, we learn that Cameron Bros. recently sold 1,000 steers, the price being \$15 per head at the ranch. The purchasers drove them to Denver, to which place Mr. Puckett accompanied them. From there the stock was shipped to Kansas City, arriving there just as 20,000 head had been thrown on the market and lowering the price to a cent and a half on foot. Although the steers were in fine condition on their arrival there as they only averaged 900 pounds the investment was not a profitable one.—Epitaph.

Very few centipedes, snakes, tarantulas and other birds of like ilk have been reported this season and the question is, are they retreating before the advance of civilization or is Tombstone whisky getting weaker?—Epitaph.

## Jealous Mares.

An exchange says: "Will Go-cher says in Wallace's Monthly that some mares, particularly those of a very sensitive organization, are excessively jealous of their offspring. Goldsmith Maid was one of that kind. It is related of her that when her first foal was brought forth she would allow no one to come near it. One day Charley, her old attendant when she was in Bud Doble's stable, visited Fashion Farm. Charley and the Maid were once firm friends, and to test the endurance of that friendship Charley once concealed himself near the doughty old mare and allowed her to hear his voice. The Maid was browsing in a paddock with her colt by her side. On hearing Charley's voice she immediately raised her head, gave a whinney of delight, and with a bold, free, sweeping stride, that in years gone by had electrified thousands, dashed about the paddock in search of her old friend. When Charley appeared she went to the fence over which he leaned, and showed her joy in every action. Not only did she welcome him, but invited him to fondle her baby. Round about the two she circled, uttering a low whinney which expressed a mother's pride and love. She pushed the colt up to Charley, soothing its coat with her tongue, and asking him in the plainest horse language to admire it. It was a beautiful picture of confidence between man and beast. She knew Charley well and had no fears for her youngster, but let anyone else go near her and a pair of twinkling heels warned to keep his distance."

## The Ocean's Floor.

Here is an end of all romance about the hidden ocean depths. The whole ocean is now mapped out for us. The report of the expedition sent out from London for the purpose of ocean surveys has recently been published. Nearly four years were given to the examination of the currents and the floors of the four great oceans. The Atlantic, we are told, if drained, would be a vast plain, with a mountain range in the middle running parallel with our coast. Another range crosses it from Newfoundland to Ireland, on the top of which lies the submarine cable. The ocean is thus divided into three great basins, no longer "unfathomed depths." The tops of these sea mountains are two miles below a sailing ship, and the basins, according to Reclus, almost five miles. These mountains are whitened for thousands of miles by a tiny, creamy species of shell, lying as thickly on their sides as frost crystals on a snowbank. The deepest parts are red in color, heaped with volcanic masses. Through the black, motionless water of these abysses move gigantic acromial creatures never seen in upper currents.

There is an old legend coming down to us from the first ages of the world on which these scientific deep-sea soundings cast a curious light. Plato and Solon record the tradition, ancient in their days, of a country in the Western seas where flourished the first civilization of mankind, which by volcanic action, was submerged and lost. The same story is told by the Central Americans, who still celebrate in the Fast of Izcalli the frightful cataclysm which destroyed a continent loaded with populous cities. Dr. Bourbourg and other eminent archaeologists assert that this lost continent extended from the coast of Africa to near the West Indies. The shape of a plateau discovered in surveying the ocean's floor corresponds with the theory exactly. We may yet find the lost Atlantis.—St. Louis Republic.

To kill blue grass growing between brick around the lawn, wash the bricks with salt water or strong solution of soda.

## Miscellaneous Items.

Olive Logan, the pioneer of newspaper women, has had the honor of being elected a member of the incorporated Society of authors, of which Lord Tennyson is President.

According to the recent census of Switzerland the republic contains 1,700,000 protestants, 1,200,000 catholics, 8,300 Jews and 10,700 adherents of no religion.

The German Empress occupies three villas at Sassnitz, which are very simply furnished. They only just suffice to accommodate herself with her sons and the necessary retinue.

The French Ministry of Marine has decided to establish at Brest a naval dove-cote containing 500 pigeons, which are to be trained for sea service. The idea is to utilize them as messengers.

Miss Ida E. Bowser is the first graduate from the department of music of the University of Pennsylvania. She is the author of some good sonatas and is an accomplished violinist.

Prince Henry of Battenburg and a companion went poaching with ferrets the other day in Hampshire. The companion was apprehended and fined ten shillings, but the Queen's son-in-law went free.

Miss Mary Tillinghast, of North Stonington, Conn., is an inveterate snake-killer. Since the 4th of July she has settled the fate of 90 snakes of all kinds, black, copperhead, adders and rattlesnakes.

Baseball is getting a terrible hold in Cuba and promises to rouse even bull-fighting. It is said to be strange to hear all the terms of the game used in English by a people who otherwise only speak Spanish.

William Black is about to start on a yatching cruise to the Levant and Crimea, and he will also visit Tangiers, Syracuse, Constantinople, Sebastopol, Balacava and Malta in order to get material and local coloring for the new novel on which he is engaged.

Queen Victoria pays great attention to the floral wreaths which she sends out. Inquiry is made as to what were the favorite flowers of the deceased person, and if it is possible they are obtained. All the royal wreaths are made at the garden of Frogmore.

Prince Bismarck is the only prominent political personage in European statecraft who carries a scar received in another field—that of battle. He was shot through the thigh in the memorable cavalry charge of the afternoon of Mars La Tour, in which he rode as a private dragoon.

Maine is doing all it can to keep the rest of the United States cool. It is estimated that there are 130 vessels in Kennebec waters shipping ice, and having a carrying capacity of 60,000 tons. Fifteen cargoes of ice, 11,000 tons in all, left the river one day recently.

The Yuma climate did not seem to agree with Matt Flynn and James McC. Elliott who recently went to Yuma from this place to take positions as guards on the walls of the penitentiary at that place. Both took sick, and had it not been for timely medical attention both would have turned up their toes and their bodies been transported back to the Old Pueblo for interment. By the advice of physicians James McC. had to go to California to recuperate and regain his health. Mat had to withstand the Yuma heat as best he could. He had to bathe in the Colorado river three times a day and drink nothing stronger than lemonades without ice—a hard pill for Mat; but he is now well and his friends here are glad to know that he has assumed his position on "the hill" as guard, and that he is now a gentleman of extreme sobriety.—Tucson Star.